

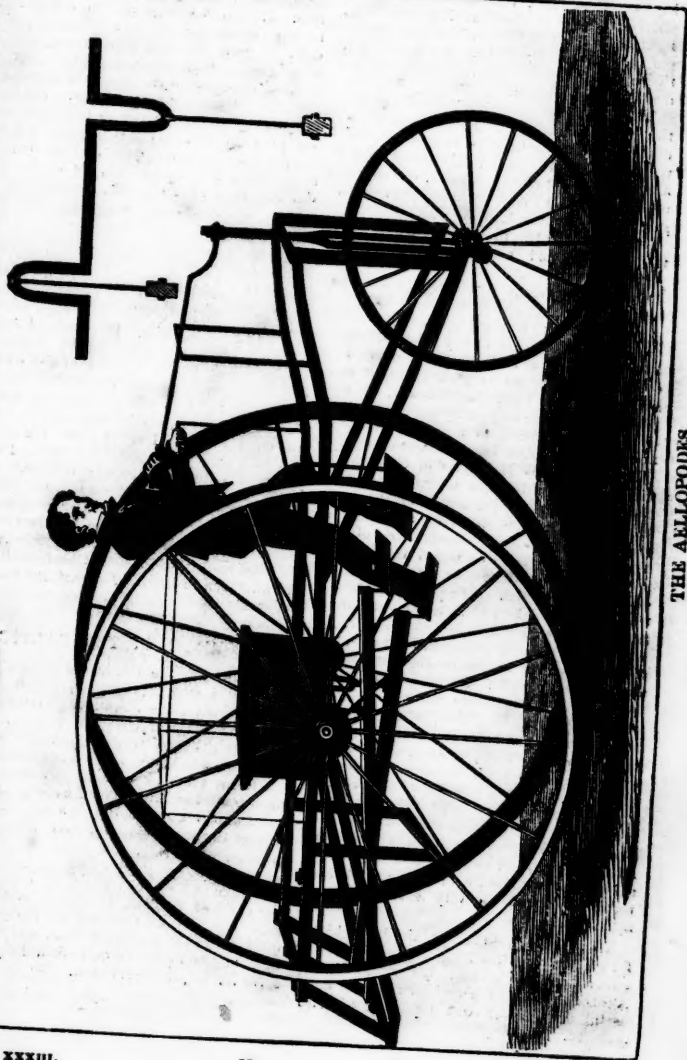
The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 941.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1839.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE ALLOPODES.

THE AELLOPODES,

INVENTED BY MR. REVIS, OF CAMBRIDGE.

WE have been permitted a close inspection of this very ingenious machine, which is being exhibited at the George Hall, Aldermanbury; and its simplicity of construction, power, and loco-motive rapidity, will, we think, tend to promote its general adoption. It is a carriage, light and elegant in form, which the traveller moves by *stepping*; first with one foot, and then with the other,—the treddles being immediately behind him.

The axle forms a quadruple crank, so that the circumvolution is as complete as can be obtained; and the treddles connected therewith are four in number. Attached to the above axle are two large wheels, of the diameter of six feet; and, in front, the smaller guide-wheel is about half the size.

The extreme length of the machine is twelve feet: and the cost about thirty pounds.

On common roads this machine may be propelled at the rate of from twenty to thirty miles an hour; and we learn that many gentlemen of the University of Cambridge have adopted it as a means of exercise. Indeed, with reference to gymnastics, it can scarcely be too highly appreciated, as the retrograde action (very easily acquired) must be greatly conducive to muscular development and to physical improvement generally.

The inventor is Mr. Revis, of Cambridge, well-known as a talented mechanician, who has made offers to the heads of the post-office department, with a view to a speedier and more economical transmission of the cross-mails. It is to be hoped that on the present occasion there will be less of that official delay which so frequently mars the true interests of the public, when mechanical novelty is in question.

With four wheels, and upon rail-roads, the velocity would of course be augmented in a vast progressive ratio. Surmises having been thrown out with reference to the difficulty of moving up inclined planes, Mr. Revis has constructed a most ingenious piece of mechanism, wherein a lever, whether by elevation or depression, assures an onward progress without the possibility of the wheels *turning back*. Considered *per se*, this last machine is a very striking effort of mechanical skill—simple,—and occupying little space. By affixing paddles, it becomes admirably adapted for pleasure-boats, with a view to increase their motivity at the very least expense of manual labour.

There have been many similar vehicles for accelerating travelling without the aid of either horses or steam; but, certainly, the Aellopodes bids fair to be by far the most useful machine for such a purpose hitherto invented.

THE MANAGER AND THE FRENCHMAN.

THE late Charles Gilfert, the manager of the Bowery Theatre, New York, was a peculiar fellow, and one of the most fascinating men of his day. At Albany he met with a Mr. Lemair, a Frenchman, of whom he borrowed money until he nearly ruined him. Lemair was one day in a towering rage at the cause of his misfortunes, and used to tell the following characteristic story of his friend:—"Monsieur Charles Gilfert, he come to Albany. He have ruin me in my business—*mes affaires*. He borrow *de l'argent* from me to large amount. He go to New York, and promise to send him, right away, *ver quick*. But, *voyez-vous*, when I write to him, he return me *von réponse inconvenante*, *von impudent answer*, and say, I may go to the devil for look for him. I leave Albany instantly, determined to have the grand personal satisfaction for the affront he put upon me. I walk straight away from *de bateau à vapeur*, de steam-boat. I go to my boarding-house. I procure *von large stick*, and rush out of *de pension* to meet him. By-and-by, *beintôt*, I see him *von large vay off*, very remotely. I immediately button up my coat with strong determination, and hold my stick fierce in my hand, to break his neck several times. Ven he come near, my indignation rise. He put out his hand. I reject him. He smile, and look over his spectacles at me. I say, you *von scoundrel, coquin infâme*. He smile de more, and make *un grand effort*, a great trial, to pacify my grand indignation, and before he leave me, he borrow twenty dollars from me once more, by gar. A *vet pleasant man* was Monsieur Charles Gilfert; *vet nice man* to borrow *l'argent, ma foi*."

DECREASE OF THE BALTIC.

THE waters of the Baltic are certainly undergoing a gradual decrease, which seems to arise from some elevation of the surface of the bottom and coasts of the sea. Ancient marks are traced upon the rocks, which indicate the former level of the waters, and these are now considerably above the surface of the sea. The Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg has called to this subject the attention of Prince Menzckoff, minister of marine, and instructions have accordingly been given to Captain Lieutenant Reinecke, who is charged with a survey of the coast of Finland, to observe with accuracy the present elevation of the existing mark above the level of the sea, and to make new marks in rocks at known heights to serve for future observation.

THE GRAVE OF L.E.L.

(For the Mirror.)

"Peace to the lovely spirit flown!
It was not form'd for earth.
Thou wert a sunbeam in thy race,
Which brightly past and left no trace.
Sleep! thy eye closed at length for thee,
Life's few and evil days!"—"The Abencerrago."

AND thou hast found an early grave,
Bright spirit! To return no more;
Where sultry Afric's distant wave,
Beats the lone shore.

No kindred dust beside thee sleepeth,
No native scenes around thee lie;
The billowy surge for ever weepeth,
Sad lullaby!

And tropic suns above thee shine,
And strangers bore thee to thy rest:
No "dear familiar" spot was thine,
On thy land's breast.

No grave beneath o'er-arching shade,
By some old church with ivy'd tower,
The fan-like cocoa shelter made
For thee, sweet flower!

No more,—no more—thy tender song,
Shall thrill our hearts with joy or woe;
No more thy harp's mute strings along,
Shall music flow.

No more across the wide lone sea,
Will words of thine affection tell:
No trace remains—but yet on thee,
Will memory dwell!

Too "wildly spiritually bright,"
Long on this dreary earth to stay,
Like to some star, that from our sight,
Shoots swift away!

Kirtan-Lindsey.

ANNE R.—

ALONE BENEATH YON DROOPING
TREE.*

A POPULAR SPANISH ROMANCE.

Translated from the Original, by Desmond
Ryan, Esq.

ALONE beneath yon drooping tree,
Its mournful branches weeping;
A maiden, once the light and free,
In death's cold shadows sleeping.
Deep in that lonely shrine,
Affection, youth, and gladness,
Lie unrecalled, around us twine,
Memorial dreams of sadness.

Alas! for her whose early heart
Its boundless love bestowing,
Who loves and lives but to impart
The bosom's overflowing;

Alas! soon sorrows wave
Around her waking pillow,
And treachery fills the peaceful grave
Beneath yon drooping willow!

* Extracted, by permission, from *THE HARMONY*—a cheap musical work, now publishing in numbers.

TENACITY OF LIFE IN THE
INFERIOR CREATION.

(For the Mirror.)

MANY persons must have observed how long and apparently unaffected an insect can live, being deprived of some of its limbs. We see, for instance, a mischievous child catch a fly, pull two or three of its limbs off, and set the crippled insect again at liberty; we see the poor thing, notwithstanding this mutilation, fly and buzz about, seemingly as briskly as before, and yet, surely, it must feel the loss of those limbs, and suffer pain. Now perform, or rather fancy performed, a mutilation of the same kind on a mammiferous animal, and the result will be very different—the creature lies panting and exhausted. It would seem as if Providence, ever foreseeing, had, considering the numerous dangers insects and the inferior animals are subjected to, endowed them with a degree of energy and fortitude pre-eminent to the stronger and superior classes, able to defend themselves, and more competent to guard against contingencies. So, indeed, it must appear, for there is no other satisfactory mode yet produced, of accounting for the circumstance. We are not, for all that, let it be borne in mind, authorized to refine cruelty, and to put perhaps the most admirable and delicate of the Almighty's productions to the test; far from us should ever be such a thought, and carefully ought we to abstain from putting creatures, however minute, to any torture.

The tenacity with which life clings to the inferior creatures, is a circumstance which has awakened the attention, and excited the wonder of the most eminent naturalists. They have performed experiments on them, and have preserved notes, recording the observations they have made—let them suffice, I only hope that the instances I here produce will not induce any of my readers to repeat the experiments—they are barbarous—they must be sinful.

There is, first, this peculiarity I would bring under notice. Decapitation in insects kills the head, and leaves the body for some time alive—decapitation in the human species totally deprives the body of life, and leaves the head yet partly conscious and capable of feeling pain. This last assertion may startle, it is nevertheless true. We have the investigations of Professor Mojon on the subject; he observed that the head of a guillotined man closed its eyes on a light being suddenly presented to it; he further declares, that the head of a man of the name of Tellier, who was guillotined, turned in whatever direction it was called by name, as it lay on the table; in another instance, he asserts, that a quarter of an hour after decapitation, a head was so far sensible of pain, as to make the most horrible

contortions, on the application of the point of a needle to the spinal marrow. From these and other equally startling observations, he deduces, that death by decapitation is one of the most cruel of deaths, as it is altogether impossible to set any limits as to the time the head may remain sensible. Now, in insects, the reverse takes place; the head of a fly being nipped off the body, will continue for some time briskly alive; nay, in the instance of a beetle, even consciousness of danger seems to exist. It is a well-known fact, that a decapitated beetle, being placed on a table, will walk across it, and suddenly stop on reaching the edge. Where, then, let me now ask, can lie the seat of instinct? Within the sphere of my own observation, I have had occasion to witness perhaps one of the most extraordinary instances of the tenacity of life in insects, though certainly not the most extraordinary, as will hereafter appear.

A friend of mine, who had caught a death-head moth, being somewhat frightened at the doleful though faint shrieks it is the peculiarity of this strange insect to utter, nipped its head off, along with the two foremost legs attached to it. The noise then ceased, but not life—the head ran hither and thither, as though and with pain, and the wings of the decapitated body fluttered with amazing velocity. This continued for some time, till both parts seemed exhausted, or probably dead—they were then enclosed in separate boxes, and left untouched till the next morning. An extraordinary surprise was then in store. The box containing the body was first opened, when out it flew, with a buzz as violent and vigorous, as if it had never been mutilated; it, however, fell a few feet off to the ground, and never again moved. The box containing the head being then opened, it was found to be full of life, and apparently not the least weakened; it had to undergo the usual process of destruction prior to its insertion in the entomological cabinet. This, I assert, is a fact, and not stated here for the sake of appearing to have something wonderful to say. *Lenwenhoek* had a mite that lived eleven weeks on the point of a needle, whereon it had been fixed for microscopical investigation. This circumstance may perhaps shake the incredulity of those who feel disposed to entertain any doubt as to the veracity of the case narrated by myself, when they consider the authority from which the assertion proceeds. It certainly is wonderful, and may justly excite our utmost astonishment. It is impossible to suppose that this insect can have suffered such pain during that lengthened period, as from experience we should be ready to believe; long before the stated time, the poor thing *must* have died of the complication of tortures to which it was exposed—hunger, bodily pain, deprivation of any degree of exertion, perhaps

cold, and numerous other contingencies. What then are we to conclude? Was the creature void of feeling? When *Vaillant*, at the Cape of Good Hope, caught a locust, whose abdomen he excavated, and then filled with cotton, asserts that it nevertheless moved its antennæ for more than the incredible space of five months, is not our amazement still greater? Colonel *Pringle* decapitated several dragon-flies, one of which afterwards lived four months, and another for six; and what is most strange is, that he was never able to keep any of the un mutilated specimens for more than a few days. Here, then, we have insects living without heads; and here we have also a most curious instance of a deviation from the usual course of nature; the Colonel was unable to keep the specimens in a perfect state more than a few days, whilst those that were decapitated he could preserve as much as four and six months! A dragon-fly, it is well known, when fiercely engaged in the devouring of its food, will, with increased fury, proceed in its occupation, although the abdomen be separated from the thorax—it will live in that mutilated state an extraordinary length of time.

The manner in which the caterpillar divests itself of its skin, prior to its metamorphosis into the chrysalis state, must have fallen under the notice of most people. For several days the insect rejects all food, undergoes many changes, and at last strips itself of its skin, tearing it off from the tail upwards. This operation, to judge from our own feelings, we should consider extremely painful; such self-inflictions, however, do not stand solitary in the annals of natural history. The female ant at a particular season forcibly rids herself of her wings; they do not drop off, for the creature is at no little pains to wrench them off—how her little tiny frame must quiver under such an operation!

We have had, hitherto, but insects brought under our notice; the inferior classes of the animal creation will afford us evidences equally astonishing. *Redi* opened the skull of a land-tortoise, and removed the whole of the brain; a fleshy integument was then observed to form over the opening, and the animal lived for six months. This experiment was truly barbarous, and how the poor creature could survive such treatment, must appear altogether unaccountable. *Spallanzani* cut out the breasts of three mews, which, notwithstanding the mutilation, immediately took to flight, leapt, swam, and executed their usual functions for forty-eight hours. Again *Redj* cut off the head of a tortoise, which survived eighteen days. The circumstance of toads having been found alive in blocks of stone, is well known. Not long ago, in France, one was discovered in a block of hard rock; the creature was full of life, and,

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strange to say, had a thick coating of crystals on its back. In 1743, at Wisbeach, in the Isle of Ely, another was discovered. It lay entombed in a large block of marble, was considerably larger than the generality of toads, and the cavity which had for so many hundreds of years been its solitary habitation, was of the shape of the toad, but somewhat larger, and of a dusky yellow. Again, at Great-Yarmouth, a toad was discovered in a mass of free-stone of considerable dimensions. When the stone had been sawed asunder, a hole was observed about six inches from the surface, in which lay a toad; "I took the toad out of the hole with my compass," says a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "I did not observe that I anyways hurt it in taking it out of the hole. When it was on the ground, it hopped about, and died in less than one hour. There was a yellow list on the back, which changed its colour soon after the toad died. The hole was about three inches long, and about as deep. I strictly viewed the stone, and could not perceive any flaw or crack in it; the inside of the hole was smooth, and looked as if it had been polished. Witness my hand this 25th day of July, 1756.

JOHN MALPAS."

Various theories have been broached to account for these strange phenomena, none, however, as yet by any means satisfactory; what is a well-attested fact is, that the toad and the frog will, for an extraordinarily lengthened period, live on nothing but moisture; but to suppose that the specimens above cited can date their incarceration from the same period that the stone can date its formation, seems almost too absurd. Under such a supposition the toads must average from two to three thousand years of age, and probably more. Worms have also been found in blocks of marble; Don Antonio de Ulloa, Fellow of the Royal Society of London, in 1750, tells us, that at Madrid he saw two worms discovered in a mass of marble, by the King of Spain's statuary. Misson makes mention of a crayfish being found alive in a piece of marble, at Tivoli; and Mr. Peyssonnel, who had caused a well to be sunk near his house, found numbers of living frogs in the petrified strata.

These instances surely are wonderful, and infinitely more unaccountable. So, however, the thing is; and till a satisfactory and incontestable explanation can be given, the circumstance must remain one of the most curious and extraordinary in the annals of natural history. With regard to the results given of the dreadful mutilations inflicted on insects, we must confess them to be truly startling. Unaccountable as they must ever be, till we can feel as these creatures do, it were highly blameable in us, acting on the presumption that they are void of feeling, and so incapable of appreciating torture, to

put any of them to the cruel tests enumerated. My intention is to bring the circumstances under notice, not to incite to further inquiry.

H. M.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—A lounge along Bedford Row, the other morning "at early dawn," picked up the following scrap, without a signature; whether likely to be a stray-leaf from poor Abernethy's study (for Bedford Row still "whispers of his whereabouts,") must be left to others to determine.—As no reference to a certain page in that "great functionary's" book is observable, it may rather be concluded to have emanated from one of his pupils.

LOVE

Is a dose which, if not administered with judgment, speedily becomes somewhat sickening. Where one particular ingredient is allowed to predominate, physic soon nauseates on the palate.

Some practitioners recommend it in the form of a powder, mingled with a certain portion of the *golden ointment*: this no doubt renders it more agreeable to the eye;—but I am not aware that the golden ointment in the present day has any very material advantage over the *Draft*.

For myself, I give the preference to the mixture, where the soothing qualities are better preserved, and a scruple more or less is never of serious moment. An infusion of a few grains of common sense, though somewhat bitter, adds to its strengthening powers, and improves its taste.

Nature is no doubt a subtle chemist, but yet she too frequently leaves the preparation of this medicine to boys, who, unaware of the rapid effects of ardent spirits, place it on too fierce a fire, and consequently suffer the strength to evaporate before it acquires the requisite consistency to keep through all seasons and in all climates. This genuine Love, and genuine Love only, will do; and any other kind I should say, however puffed and labelled, however attractive its outside, and seductive its appearance, is little better than a quack medicine.

Another mistake is that of having it administered by the old;—for when the hand trembles, and the nerves become feeble, it is time that the physician leaves off practice.

Too much caution cannot be shown in the recommendation of this powerful stimulant, for there have been instances in which an *improper* application has affected the brain, and some lamentable cases, where neglect and bad treatment have been followed by suicide;—such a melancholy result as the latter, proceeding, I am convinced, from the weak patient having unexpectedly been deprived of that on which the system fed. The symptoms attending such deplorable cases are these:—The eye becomes jaundiced—

the head giddy—a sinking at the heart—great irritation and heat of temper—loss of appetite—depression of spirits, and an increased liking for *water*, which clearly proves that the wisearces who pretend to say that “Love is like the bite of a mad dog,” are wrong. There appears not to be the least affinity.

The precise period at which Love may be safely discontinued, it is difficult to determine.—Many men of advanced age have an inclination for it; but it then dwindles into dotage, and they themselves (for they seldom think of taking it but as a night-cap) are rapidly verging into old women.

I have sometimes thought, that as the disease for which Love is prescribed, is invariably seated in the heart, no safer remedy can be adopted than that of applying it to the part affected in the form of a Bosom-Friend, which keeps up an equable and kindly glow, and never grows cold. The fair patient, therefore, who will condescend to consult me, may depend on secrecy; and though I may not be borne out in prophecy—ing a speedy or a certain cure, I pledge myself she shall have the benefit of my best advice gratis. P.

ANECDOTES OF THE INSANE.*

(Continued from page 115.)

IN, in this country, a woman were to insist on burning herself to death after the decease of her husband, we should consider her insane. But in India she is *not* insane; because the people there have been educated in the belief of its propriety. It was mentioned in the House of Commons by Mr. Buxton, in 1821, that in the presidency of Fort William, two thousand three hundred and sixty-six widows had destroyed themselves in the previous four years. Some of these were only twelve or thirteen years of age; one was only eight; and one woman, only eleven, was so obstinate, when not allowed to burn herself to death, that she abstained from food for four or five days; and although the local authorities prevented her from immolating herself on her husband's grave, she saved some of his bones, in order that, when the first opportunity should occur, she might destroy herself. Such an act as this, in our country, could scarcely arise from any thing but insanity. The ignorant have pronounced philosophers mad, over and over

again. Democrites was pronounced mad, by the common people; because he dissected a human body, with the view of discovering the causes of insanity; but Hippocrates told the people that *they* were mad, and not Democrites. A madman once complained that he was “as much in his senses as the rest of the world; but the majority was against him, and therefore he was placed in custody.”

Bellingham, who murdered Mr. Perceval, was a man of weak intellect; and you will see, in the cast of his head, that the anterior parts of the brain are miserably defective; whereas the lateral parts are largely developed. That man was executed, because there was no proof at all of his being insane; but if any one look at his head, he will incline to a favourable opinion; and though he would not set him at large, to do such mischief again, yet he would not deprive him of life. When a person has committed suicide, we say that he is mad, on ten thousand times slighter ground than if he were alive. I have no doubt that thousands, whose crimes were the result of insanity, and who were therefore not responsible agents, have been executed unjustly; and that thousands more will be executed.

Occasionally it is almost impossible to ascertain whether a person is mad, owing to the cunning of the insane. “I well remember,” says Lord Erskine, “that I examined, for the greater part of a day, an unfortunate gentleman, who had indicted a most affectionate brother, together with the keeper of a madhouse at Hoxton, for having imprisoned him as a lunatic; while, according to his evidence, he was in his perfect senses. I was, unfortunately, not instructed in what his lunacy consisted; although my instructions left me no doubt of the *fact*; but not having the clue, he completely foiled me in every attempt to expose his infirmity. You may believe that I left unemployed no means which experience dictated; but without the smallest effect. The day was wasted; and the prosecutor, by the most affecting history of unmerited suffering, appeared to the judges and jury, and to a humane English audience, as the victim of a most wanton and barbarous oppression. At last, Dr. Sims, who had been prevented by business from an earlier attendance, came into court. From him I soon learned that the very man whom I had been above an hour examining, with every possible effort which counsel are so much in the habit of exerting, believed himself to be the Lord and Saviour of mankind;—not merely at the time of his confinement, but during the whole time that he had been triumphing over every attempt to surprise him in the concealment of his disease. I then affected to lament the indecency of my ignorant examination; when he expressed his forgiveness, and said, with the utmost gravity and emphasis, in the face of

* Extracted from “The Principles and Practice of Medicine, founded on the most extensive Experience in Public Hospitals and Private Practice; and developed in a course of Lectures delivered at University College, London; by John Elliottson, M.D.; F.R.S.; President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, &c. With notes and illustrations; by Nathaniel Rogers, M.D.; Member, and late President, of the Hunterian Society of Edinburgh; corresponding Member of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Dublin.”

the whole court, 'I am the Christ!' and so the cause ended."

Deafness is the most common disturbance of the external senses in madmen. Sometimes there is a depravation of smell. They will imagine there is some disagreeable odour around them, and will speak with the nostrils closed. I believe mad people are generally very fond of snuff. You will sometimes observe extreme hunger, and extreme thirst; but sometimes there is an absence both of hunger and thirst. Sometimes you observe great muscular strength; so that an exertion is made far beyond what is possible in health. Sometimes insane people scarcely sleep at all. They will pass many days, perhaps weeks, without any sleep of consequence. Occasionally, too, there is great resistance to external cold; but this is by no means universal; for many insane persons having, in consequence of this notion, been left to themselves, have died from mortification of the extremities. Now and then, however, insane persons have exposed themselves to frost and snow, without suffering from them in the least. Some are extremely civil. They will beg you to stop and dine, when you have dined already; or they will beg you to stop to supper, and then to take a bed. I have been astonished at them; and have afterwards learned that these good people were in a madhouse.

You will find, even in sound writers, an account of insanity being produced by the devil. Till modern times, the chief treatment of insanity consisted in cruelty; but no corporeal punishment ought ever to be allowed. Rhazes, an Arabian physician, orders that when persons labour under "love-madness," and nothing else will do, they must be tied up, and beat well with the fists; and this again and again. Another writer says that, if the patient be a young man, he must be well flogged; and if not quiet then, must be put into the bottom of a tower, with bread and water, till he begs pardon for being mad, and becomes sane. This "love-madness" is certainly the only kind of insanity in which such treatment should be adopted;—if adopted at all.

A gentleman, from great anxiety of mind, became deranged; but his insanity subsided to a great extent; and he told me he should like to see his wife, for it was very hard he should be kept from seeing his family. I stopped with him two hours, and satisfied myself it would do him good. He wished to leave his bed-room, and to see different parts of the house. I took off his jacket, and led him down stairs, and gratified him by letting him see, first one part of the house, and then another. I watched the effects; and found that it did not throw him off his balance, but that he seemed to gain intellect and power over himself, as we proceeded. There were many little gratifications which he wished

for, and which I let him have. One curious thing was to kill a bantam-cock, which he saw from a window, and which he took for a spectre, or a fiend. The colours, he said, had been terrific to him, and he should not be happy till it was killed. I gratified him with it, and he was exceedingly thankful. I watched him carefully for some time after this, and at last I satisfied myself that the sight of his wife would not be dangerous. I brought her from a neighbour's house, and the interview was most affecting. From that moment to this he has been in his perfect senses.

VAUCLUSE,

THE RETREAT OF PETRARCH.

(From Lady Blessington's 'Idler in Italy'.)

"THE valley of Vaucluse is extremely narrow, and bounded by high rocks of a brownish grey tint: their sombre hue is in some places relieved by olive and fig trees, with scattered vines, but there is still a great want of wood to break the dull uniformity of the cliffs: the colour of which is cold, and not sufficiently varied to produce a fine effect. In the time of Petrarch, those gigantic rocks were only seen at intervals, breaking out of large masses of wood, with which the valley was nearly covered; and which softened the character of the scenery that now presents a wild and savage aspect. After winding for some way among the crags, the road terminates at the village of Vaucluse, which is most romantically situated; and a broad path formed on the ledge of the rocky chain that bound the river, which here fills the centre of the valley, leads to the celebrated fountain which was the Helicon of Petrarch. The valley is here closed by a perpendicular crag of immense height; within which, is the cavern whence springs the fountain. The entrance to this cavern is above sixty feet high; and it is screened by rocks which intercept all view of it until it is neared. The fountain fills a vast basin of a circular form, at the base of the perpendicular cliff that terminates this part of the valley. At a short distance from its source the stream falls rapidly over huge fragments of rocks, covered with a vivid green mass of aquatic plants and herbs; which gives to this limpid and sparkling water, the appearance of a river of emeralds. After precipitating itself with impetuous force over the rocks, it is formed into a river, which rushes along the vale with exceeding velocity. The borders of the fountain abound with wild thyme of a delicious fragrance; and it only requires a little of the poetic fancy which gives to Italian poetry so many of its conceits, to imagine that it owes its odour to the tears with which the love-lorn Petrarch, that phoenix of lovers, so frequently bedewed this spot, when bewailing the inexorable cruelty of his Laura.

"The ruins now shown by the peasants as the site of the chateau of 'Madame Laure,' as they call her, were those of the castle, in which the Bishop of Cavaillon, the dear friend of Petrarch, resided. They stand to the right of the fountain, boldly placed on a pile of stupendous rocks, and command a magnificent view. The walls are on the very verge of the precipice, which overlooks a vast expanse of mountains, rocks, groves of olive trees, and vineyards; while, in the immediate foreground, the fountain, with its sparkling waters and snowy foam, reflecting innumerable prismatic hues as the rays of the sun play on it, forms a magical picture. The cataract created by the rocks over which the water rushes from the fountain, is, when the fountain is filled, truly grand. The spray rises in huge masses, resembling immense flakes of snow. As they are impelled into the air, and descend again with surprising velocity, they are tinged with the brightest tints of a rainbow, and mingling with the snowy foam and vivid green water, have a beautiful effect."

"* * "In the village of Vaucluse is a small inn, called the Hotel of Petrarch and Laura. Here sentimental tourists stop to regale themselves on the delicious trout which the river furnishes; giving, between every morsel of the luscious fare, a sigh to the memory of the celebrated lovers, whose busts decorate the mantel-piece of the chamber where the refectory is served. Those travellers who command the most luxurious repasts are considered by the inmates to possess the most sensibility; and those who submit without resistance to extortion, are esteemed to be mirrors of sentimentality: a regulation of which our worthy hostess made us aware, by the warmth of her praises of those who expended what she considers a proper sum, and the severity of her strictures against the more economical or less wealthy visitors. The English, she vowed, were the most sentimental people alive. It was delightful, she said, to see them sit for hours at table, with their eyes turned towards the busts of Petrarch and Laura, and sighing, while they washed down their repast with bumpers to the memory of the lovers. They (the English) never squabbled about the items in the bill. No! they were too noble-minded for that: they were wholly engrossed by tender recollections. Of the Germans, Russians, Italians, and even of her compatriots, the French, she spoke less kindly. 'Would you believe it, madam, continued she, 'many of them pass this inn—yes, the inn—sacred to the memory of Petrarch and Laura, without ever crossing its threshold: and the few who do, draw from their pockets biscuits, and demand only a glass of *eau sacrée*.' * * "Our hostess became so animated in her eulogium of the English, that she heeded not the reproving looks of her husband; who, observing that

two of our party were French, was fearful of her giving them offence. At last, somewhat piqued by her obstinate continuation of this apparently impolitic praise *malgré* his glances, he said—"You forget, *ma chère*, when you talk of the English never passing any *mauvaises plaisanteries* on the respectable countenances of Monsieur Petrarch and Madame Laure, the two *mauvais sujets*, that, with a burnt cork, gave a pair of large black mustachios to Madame Laure, and, with a red chalk, made the nose of Monsieur Petrarch redder than a tomato; aye, and gave him a pair of spectacles too. Why, it took me full two hours to get them clean again!"

1072

(1492.)

ARABIC NUMERALS OVER THE GATEWAY, AT NEW PLACE, SUSSEX.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—The above being a very curious specimen of the manner in which the Arabic numerals* were fashioned at the time of their first public use in this country, about the 13th century, I forward to you a drawing of the same, entertaining no doubt but that they will awaken the interest of your readers. They may be seen over the gateway at New Place, a mile or two from Pulborough, Sussex.

H. M.

* [Antiquarians are undecided as to the exact period when Arabic numerals were brought to England. Mr. Ames says they were first introduced by Richard I. on his return from the holy wars (1194); but that it was a long time after, that they were received among us, or that people were convinced of their utility. Mr. David Casley in his "Specimens of various Manners of Writing," gives the date 1697, which some read one thousand two hundred and ninety-seven, from the similitude of the last figure to our present 7, though Mr. Ames thinks it like enough to stand for one thousand two hundred ninety-two. In an old folio MS. formerly in the collection of William Jones, Esq., F.R.S., written by Richard Wallingford, monk, and afterwards abbot of St. Alban's, and finished in 1326, entitled 'Albion,' are many astronomical canons, and tables, the figures much resembling the Arabic or Indian numerals. We have in the Bodleian Library an Arabic MS. of *Ibn Yunis*, a famous astronomer, wherein all the calculations are in Arabic figures; and what is very remarkable, wherever any number is expressed by them, it is immediately after explained in words at length; thus, if 123 is set down, one hundred twenty and three immediately follows.—Ed. M.]

A POPULAR VIEW OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL.

(For the Mirror.)

[Continued from page 170.]

A MERCHANT who trades to a distant country must first inform himself of the nature of its productions—whether animal, vegetal, or mineral,—that he may know what to send, and what he can receive. When, as in these times, new countries are continually opening as marts of traffic, and new channels of commerce are making their way even into the heart of Africa, the man who possesses this sort of information, and turns it to advantage, not unfrequently realizes a fortune; while he, who like the Sheffield cutler, sent a large consignment of patent skates to Buenos Ayres,* thinking they would, in a new country, sell for an enormous sum, may very likely be ruined. Every one knows the importance of our fisheries, particularly those for the whale and the seal. Had laws been made by our legislature for the preservation of the former, on the same principle that they so sedulously preserve their own game, we should not hear of the Greenland fisheries being almost ruined; no one, indeed, could have drawn up a parliamentary bill for this purpose, without a competent knowledge of the natural history of the animal whose race was to be preserved;—while in regard to the seal-fisheries, they might be extended, beyond all doubt, in parts of the southern hemisphere hitherto entirely neglected. The fur trade, again, opens a field for the practical use of natural history: for, independent of the necessity of accurately discriminating the different species whose skins form an article of commerce, how much might this trade be extended and benefited, by a merchant well acquainted with the geographical range of these animals, the peculiar times when their furs are in the finest condition, and what countries are destitute of such resources! We need not insist that such knowledge, properly and judiciously made use of, will not only be useful, but lucrative. The first traders who supplied China with the furs of America, realized large fortunes; and the same results will always attend every such enterprise, however irregular it may appear, if it is only founded on knowledge, and conducted with prudence. People go on trading in the beaten track, not because there are no others, but because the traders are generally quite uninformed on those circumstances which lead to their discovery. The produce of the animal kingdom, in our commercial lists, is much more limited than that of the vegetal and the mineral. Yet how few of the valuable exotic drugs, dyes, and medicines, do we know more of than their ordinary names!

* A fact which occurred in 1806.

Some that, from being produced in small quantities, and in a limited district, bear a high price, may very possibly be abundant in adjacent countries, or might be transplanted and cultivated in other situations less remote, and more convenient. It is the business of the merchant, if he aims at wealth, to discover new sources of commerce of which he can reap the first fruits; but this will never be done, unless by accident, without he is well informed respecting the productions,—whether natural or artificial—of other nations; in order that he may supply their wants, or import their produce. The truth is, that the profession of commerce embraces many branches of information, and even of science, which at first sight appear totally unconnected with it, and among these, natural history holds no inconsiderable station."

The late Professor Burnett, endeavouring to show the utility of topographical botany to the traveller, says, that he "should never bivouac nor fix his residence where the *Arundo phragmites*, or common reed, flourishes; as it and the reed meadow-grass (*Glyceria aquatica*) and the floating meadow-grass, (*G. fluitans*) are infallible indications of swampy, marshy districts, and of the probable presence of malaria, even, although the tract, as in summer, may seem dry, and be apparently salubrious. A late traveller in Syria, thus was warned by the natives not to pitch his tent on the spot that he had selected, on account of the luxuriance of the herbage, if he valued his life, or wished to escape a severe attack of fever; this malign influence, however, they seemed erroneously to attribute to the growth of the plants, but of which, in truth, the luxuriant herbage was the index only."

How usefully the knowledge of some little facts in natural history, may occasionally be applied, although regarded previously as merely singular and amusing trifles, is well shown in the following narrative, mentioned by the same excellent botanist:—"The *Lichens* never grows submerged: the *Fuci* never grow emerged. The same may be said of other plants which are the living demarcations of land and sea; for example, the samphire (*Crithmum maritimum*) never grows but on the sea-shore, and yet it never grows within reach of the waves; that is to say, it is never so near as to be covered by the water. It happened, some time since, that a knowledge of this fact was useful in a way and at a time when botanical knowledge might at first have been expected to be of little practical importance. During a violent storm, in November 1821, a vessel passing through the English Channel, was driven on shore, near Beachy Head, and the whole crew being washed overboard, four escaped from the wreck, only to be delivered, as they thought, to a more lingering and fear-

ful (from its being more gradual and equally inevitable) death; for having, in the darkness of the night, been cast upon the breakers, they found, when they had climbed up those low rocks, that the waves were rapidly encroaching, and they doubted not that when the tide should be at its height, the whole range would be entirely submerged. The darkness of the night prevented anything being seen beyond the spot upon which they stood, and which was continually decreasing by the encroachments of each successive wave. The violence of the storm left no hope that their feeble voices, even if raised to the uttermost, could be heard on shore; and they knew that amidst the howling of the blast, they could reach no other ear, than that of God. Man could afford them no assistance in such a situation, even if their distress were known. The circle of their existence here seemed gradually lessening before their eyes, their little span of earth gradually contracting to their destruction; already they had reached to the highest points, and already the infuriated waters followed them, flinging over their devoted heads the foremost waves, as heralds of their speedily approaching dissolution: At this moment, one of these wretched men,—while they were debating whether they should not, in this extremity, throw themselves upon the mercy of the waves, hoping to be cast upon some higher ground, as, even if they failed to reach it, a sudden would be better than a lingering death,—in this extremity, one of these despairing creatures, to hold himself more firmly to the rock, grasped a weed, which, even wet as it was, he well knew, as the lightning's sudden flash afforded a momentary glare, was not a fucus, but a root of *samphire*;—a plant which never grows submerged. This, then, became more than an olive-branch of peace, a messenger of mercy; they knew that He who alone can calm the raging of the seas, at whose voice alone the winds and the waves are still, had planted his landmark here; and by this sign, they were assured that he had said to the wide waste of waters, *hither shalt thou come, and no further*. Trusting, then, to the promise of this child of earth, they remained stationary, during a dreadful, yet comparatively happy night, and in the morning, they were seen from the cliffs above, and conveyed in safety to shore."

Southey, in his *History of Brazil*, describes the perilous situation of Cabeza de Vaca when sailing towards that country; and how he was preserved from shipwreck, by a grillo, or ground cricket:—"When they had crossed the line, the state of the water was inquired into; and it was found that of a hundred casks, there remained but three to supply four hundred men and thirty horses: upon this, the Adelantado gave orders to make for the nearest land. Three days they stood

towards it. A soldier who set out in ill health, had brought a grillo, or ground cricket, with him from Cadiz, thinking to be amused by the insect's voice; but it had been silent the whole way, to his no little disappointment. Now on the fourth morning, the cricket began its shrill noise, scenting, as was immediately supposed, the land. Such was the miserable watch which had been kept, that upon looking out at this warning, they perceived high rocks within bow-shot; against which, had it not been for the insect, they must inevitably have been lost. They had just time to drop anchor. From hence they coasted along, the cricket singing every night as if it had been on shore, till they reached the island of St. Catalina."

The Portuguese made most of their discoveries of foreign land, by observing the flight and species of birds they met with at sea. Columbus, in this way, when in quest of America, happening to notice that the flocks of birds which passed him at sea, flew from the north to the south-west, suspected, and rightly, as it turned out, that land was in the latter quarter. He is, also, said to have been strengthened in this suspicion by his smelling, while on the waters, the aromatic odours of the sassafras tree.

The sap which exudes from the broken or cut branches of the *manchineel-tree* is so very acrid, that it blisters the skin, and causes severe pain, if it falls on it, and even produces death when it enters a wound. A traveller who reposed under a tree of the kind, received some of its exuded drops on his face, which immediately blistered, and became pitted, as in a case of small-pox. It is said that Lord Nelson, in one of his earliest expeditions, having drunk the waters of a spring, in which some boughs of this tree had been thrown, suffered so severely, in consequence, as to produce a lasting injury on his constitution.

Scoresby says, that those sailors who, while in the arctic regions, have been obliged to eat the flesh of bears, and have not taken the precaution of rejecting the liver, have almost always been attacked with sickness, a peeling off of the skin, and, sometimes, have died from its effects. The same consequences happened to some of Ross's party, who had partaken of it during their stay at Fury Beach.

DEFINITION OF THE WORD 'MIND.'

WHAT is the precise meaning of the word mind, so commonly employed? By the mind of a man is understood, that in him, which is capable of thinking, remembering, reasoning, or willing. The real essence, both of body and mind, is known. Certain properties of the former, and certain operations of the latter, are known, and by those only, can they be defined. In defining what is meant

by body, we say it is that which is extended, solid, moveable, and divisible. In like manner, we define mind, to be that which thinks, remembers, reasons, and wills. We know, or are conscious of these various thoughts, and we are, by nature, taught to attribute them to the principle of thought, called the *mind* or the *soul* of man.

THE HERMIT.

(From Haas's *Gleanings in Germany*)

WITH a feeling of silent admiration, and with that submission with which weak man depicts to himself the throne of his Almighty Creator, I contemplated the horizon adorned by the setting sun. In the foreground arose to my view, gloomy and silent, Mount Rigi; on its summit, that seemed to touch the heavens, I beheld the great cross by which it is surmounted, still faintly gilded by the rays of the setting sun concealed behind the mighty Alps, while at the foot of the mountain, all was night and darkness. My heart felt oppressed by painful emotion, and abandoned thus to my own reflections, and excited by some secret feeling, I turned my steps towards Sittl, where, to the eastward, the rock of Fallenfue, and westward Mount Shoenbucherberg, together with the Frohnalp, veiled by the grey clouds, served me as guides; these were not, however, the objects which could satisfy the feelings by which I was so agitated. Their high and ancient summits seemed to indicate their close affinity with the higher celestial world above; and thus, feeling how I was enchained to the earth beneath, I shuddered at their frightfully awful elevation.

At the end of the grand avenue of trees near Sittl, there stands a summer-house. Eastward a beaten path leads towards a hermitage, situated deep within the bosom of the wood: here I wished to take up my abode for the night, should the hermit and myself prove mutually pleased with each other. In my juvenile years I had read much of such hermitages, and with all the romantic imagination of youth, pictured to myself, in the most picturesque and seducing colours, these happy calm retreats and their holy inhabitants. As yet I had never had an opportunity of beholding such a spot, and now, therefore, wished to gratify my curiosity. Accordingly, I was proceeding down a declivity of the mountain, through the thickets and young brambles which opposed my descent, when my progress was suddenly arrested by the appearance of a venerable man; it was the hermit himself, who had just come from having offered his evening prayers in the chapel, some hundred paces distant from his hermitage, to which solitary dwelling he was now returning. I greeted him with silent respect and veneration, to which he as silently replied.

"May I, venerable father, be allowed to enter your holy dwelling?" I inquired modestly.

"What is your object in making that request?" he replied, in a tone not altogether repulsive, though neither was it friendly.

"Why, I have no particular motive to satisfy," I replied, with a good-natured smile; "I am a native of the north, travelling through your beautiful country; I have never as yet beheld either hermit or hermitage, though both have often been the subjects of my youthful fancy and meditation; I feel desirous, therefore, holy father, of now satisfying my curiosity, by passing a short and instructive hour in your society. You are more wise and pious than we children of the world; you live in solitude and seclusion; you pass your time in acts of devotion; your silent prayers are not disturbed by those guilty agitations of mind to which we unhappily are too often exposed, and God is nearer to you, because you are more pure and guiltless of those misdeeds with which we too often have to reproach ourselves. Are you not here completely happy, holy father, in your retreat?"

"Happy!"—replied he, slowly, stopping of a sudden, and casting an expressive look of grave severity towards the pale-purpled sky, which still faintly gilded the cross on the peak of Mount Rigi. "My son," he continued, after a silent pause, "hast thou ever, in thy life, beheld one happy mortal?"

"Yes, holy father, I myself am happy. I have nothing to reproach myself with, I am young and healthy, and at home I have a beloved family and dear and valued friends; I have what I require, and even more than sufficient to satisfy my wants. Nothing pains or disquiets my mind, travelling delights me, and I am now in your beautiful country, where, at every step, nature unfolds new charms, and where God has manifested his great and ever-reigning glory, in so wonderful a manner."

"Happy!" replied the venerable man, doubtfully shaking his hoary head, "hast thou no share in the afflictions of others?"

To this question, which sounded so strangely in my ears, I could only reply by casting down my eyes in confusion.

"And I too," continued he, "have no reproaches to make myself. I likewise enjoy the blessing of health; I also have my family and friends, if not here, yet in the eternal home of peace above; I too have all that I require; I also, like thee, enjoy pleasure in the survey of God's beautiful creation, and yet—I am not happy. The pains, the wants of my more unhappy neighbours too often oppress and overcome my feelings; for to me come only such unhappy beings as seek to pour into my heart those troubles and afflictions with which they are so heavily laden,

and under which they would otherwise sink. But thou, who livest within the wide range of this world, hast thou never yet beheld the flow of bitter tears descending down the cheek of sorrow? Hast thou never heard the troubled sigh, when issuing from the breast of affliction? Hast thou never yet experienced the painful sensation which follows the wish to help misfortune's child, and yet the want of power to effect it?"

His discourse fell upon my conscience-stricken breast like a burning weight of fire, and my eyes were so chained to the earth, that I neither dared nor could look up. "Who can help all," I exclaimed, wishing to excuse myself; "were one a very Cæsus, it would ruin and impoverish at last?"

"You do not comprehend my meaning," replied he, sternly, "and only prove how little till now you have participated in the sufferings of your fellow-creatures. It is not gold that always serves to alleviate affliction, for often is the beggar far happier than he who aids, and who yet himself endures anguish of mind; it is consolation, counsel, mildness, patience, which you owe to your neighbour, and until you can fulfil these duties with all your zeal and strength, you cannot call yourself happy. Delay not with your help till it be demanded; as soon as you know it is required step forward with a zealous alacrity, but reckon not upon reward, you do only your duty, and cannot require thanks. The feeling, the consciousness of having done our duty, is the highest recompense we can wish to enjoy here below.—God be with you!"—With these words this singular being left me; and thus I had for once beheld a hermit.

The venerable man proceeded silently towards his cell, and I saw myself forced to return again to Shwytz, or to pass the night under the canopy of heaven.

PROVINCIALISMS.

(For the Mirror.)

On looking over one of the early volumes of the *Mirror*, (1828), I find an article entitled *Cockneyisms*, which, I think, is taken from Pegge; but among many, undoubtedly peculiar to the inhabitants of London, I find several to which they have no claim, many which are provincials, and a few genuine old English words, corrupted by modern affectation, which, much to the credit of the *Cockneys*, are still retained in the vernacular tongue:—

Kiver for Cover.—No doubt *kiver* is the legitimate word. *Kiverchef* was the word for a cover for the neck, in ancient authors.

Schollard.—This is provincial, and not a *Cockney* word.

Margent for Margin.—This word is a comparatively recent corruption. The old word,

margent, was used so late as Queen Anne's time, and probably later. Swift is good authority on this point. His Satirical Epigram on Serjeant Bettesworth is well known:—

So, at the bar, the booby Bettsworth,
Though half-a-crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
Who knows of law, nor text, nor *margent*,
Calls Singleton his Brother Serjeant.

Colloguing for Colleague.—These are not the same, and have different meanings. I find in our dictionaries, to *collogue*, is to weedle or flatter; but *colleague*, is a substantive only, a partner in office, &c.

Poticary for Apothecary.—A manifest corruption. *Poticary* is derived from the Spanish, *boticario*, a shop kept by a vender of medicine; and not, as Johnson and others suppose, from the Greek *apotheca*, a repository. Every author, from Chaucer to Shakespeare, spells the word *poticary*.

Forth he goth, ne lenger wold he tarry,
Into the town unto a *potecary*.—CHAUCER.

A-dry, A-cold.—These are not Cockneyisms, but legitimate prefixes; a hundred instances might be adduced to warrant their use, some of which are not obsolete at this day, as, aboard, ameliorate, abrouch, amidst, abuck, &c.

I gin to be aweary of the sun.—SHAKESPEARE.

Moral for Model.—A provincial word, uniformly used in the midland counties.

Afeared for Afraid.—To be *afeared*, is from the Saxon *afteran*; and, consequently, the word *afraid* is a corruption, without authority or excuse:—

Were thou *afeared* of her eie.—GOWER.

Of her visage children were sore *afeared*.—CHAUCER.

Be not *afeared*, the isle is full of noises.—SHAKESPEARE.

Musicianer, Physicianer.—There is good authority in all our old authors for this spelling, and there seems no reason why these should not be retained, as well as in the word *poulterer*, and many others.

Obstacle for Obelisk.—This has never been used but in burlesque, and therefore cannot be considered as a Cockneyism.

WM. TOONZ.

A SPECIMEN OF WELSH LITERATURE.

THE Welsh poetical triads are part of a literature with which the reader may not be acquainted. The following specimen contains many valuable observations expressed with singular brevity:—

The three foundations of genius are—the gift of God, human exertion, and the events of life.

The three first questions of genius—an eye to see nature, a heart to feel it, and a resolution that dares to follow it.

The three things indispensable to genius—understanding, meditation, and perseverance.

The three things that ennoble genius—vigour, discretion, and knowledge.

The three tokens of genius—extraordinary understanding, extraordinary conduct, and extraordinary exertions.

The three things that improve genius—proper exertion, frequent exertion, and successful exertion.

The three things that support genius—prosperity, social qualifications, and applause.

The three qualifications of poetry—endowment of genius, judgment from experience, and felicity of thought.

The three pillars of learning—seeing much, offering much, and writing much.

New Books.

Emigration Fields. North America, the Cape, Australia, and New Zealand By Patrick Matthew. 8vo. Black. Edinburgh. Longman, and Co., London. 1839.

[This work was at first intended to treat only of New Zealand; but, at the entreaty of friends, the author included the neighbouring country of Australia. It contains much useful advice, proceeding from a mind stored with sound practical knowledge of the various matters on which it treats. The author's grand panacea for all the ills of the working classes is EMIGRATION; and certainly he adduces such cogent reasonings in support of his argument that cannot easily be controverted. The work, which is divided into fifteen chapters, treats, firstly, of Upper and Lower Canada, and America; then of Mexico, the Cape, Australia, Tasmania; and finally, New Zealand; his remarks on which comprise nearly half the work.]

"The mind is almost overwhelmed," says Mr. Matthew, "in contemplating the prospects of improvement in the general condition of humanity, now opening through the medium of British colonization, and the consequent diffusion of the elevating and meliorating influences of British liberty, knowledge, and civilization. One great free naval people, aided by all the discoveries of modern science, and united under the attractions of a common literature, and the reciprocal advantage of the exchange of staple products, increasing rapidly in numbers, and ramifying extensively over numerous maritime regions, will soon overshadow continental despotisms, and render them innocuous.

"From the unlimited supply of new land, colonies are especially fitted for a connection with Britain. Being in the opposite extremes of condition, they are in the highest degree mutually beneficial, the former afford-

ing the raw material in exchange for the more laboured products of industry of the latter, while at the same time the colonists are by habit great consumers of British manufactures. What is required is, that the extension of colonization should go hand in hand with the extension of manufactures, thus generating new markets in proportion to the increase of fabrics.

"But, at the present moment, it is as a salutary drain to our overstocked labour-market, that colonization is so vitally necessary. To bring things to a healthy state; a vast exportation of working-population must in the first place be effected, and to keep them so, a constant great stream of emigration must be afterwards kept up. And in proportion as this efflux is properly regulated, will, at the same time, the condition of the people at home and abroad be prosperous, and the population progressive."

In speaking of the heat in New South Wales, the author gives the following quotation from the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*.

"Mr. Martin observes, that it is only during the summer months that the hot winds occasionally blow, and raise the mercury to 120° F., when exposed to the wind. When these siroccos are about to occur, the sky assumes a lurid appearance, the sun is hid from the view, the wind suddenly shifts to the north-west, and blows with tremendous violence, and can only be compared to a fiery blast issuing from an immense furnace; the dust is whirled with rapidity, and distant thunder is heard. At night the flashes of stream lightning present a continually illuminated horizon; vast forests become a universal blaze of fire, and the flames, borne along with the blast, readily find fresh fuel, carrying terror before, and leaving ruin and desolation behind. Not only does the field of corn, ready for the sickle, become a charred stubble, but houses and domestic animals are reduced to a heap of ashes..... Fortunately these winds seldom last long, rarely more than two days at a time..... Collins speaks of these siroccos as killing birds, beasts, and men."

"This picture of the effects of extreme heat, which occurring at a critical period of the crop, must entirely blast the promise of a season, independent of the lasting periodical extreme droughts, is enough to render precaution, especially in the case of a greatly increased population, highly necessary. Perhaps no country has a more steady climate than the British Isles, or is more regular in production, a consequence of the insular position and mountain ranges preventing great droughts, or any extreme being so general—west winds commonly bringing rain on the west, and east winds on

the east side of the country. This Disposition of things at home has an effect to render the British not sufficiently alive to the danger to be apprehended from droughts in other regions, and which seem to be most prevalent in localities situated from 15° to 35° of Lat. It is, therefore, probable that sufficient precautionary means will not be taken in Australia and the South of Africa till some terrible visitation of famine and consequential disease be our fatal instructor, such as sometimes occurs in the East Indies, but which only affecting a people far out of view, and with whom we have little sympathy, our Indian Government is allowed to treat with neglect. The following (abridged) quotation of the account of a famine in Guzerat in 1811, by Captain James Rivett Carnac, Political Resident at the Court of Guicawar, may serve to give some idea of a calamity of this nature. The superstitious Hindoos attributed the famine to the wrath of an offended Deity because of the sins of that portion of India, as some of our established clergy in Britain did the yellow fever, which was so prevalent at New York about the same time, not, however, because of the immorality of the Americans, but because they had emancipated themselves from British sway. The famine at least was a consequence of sin, not of commission but of omission, not of the direct sins of the sufferers, but of their remiss government, which, in a country liable to these visitations, makes no provision against them.

"It has often been remarked that the appearance of locusts is a prognostic of other evils. In 1811, the annual fall of rain failed at Marwar, and when every vestige of vegetation had disappeared the locusts made their way into the north-west district of Guzerat, and from thence scoured Kattiwar. The failure of grain in Marwar, and the ruin by the locusts of the products of the land, drove the inhabitants into the bosom of Guzerat, where the same causes had begun to operate, thus augmenting the demand on its resources in a twofold degree, and the pressing wants of the people soon reducing the half-famished new comers to the greatest privations. The mortality which ensued among those who had sought refuge after the sufferings of famine in their own district, covered with disease, regardless of every consideration but that promoted by the calls of hunger, almost surpasses my own belief, though an unhappy witness of such horrid events.

"In the vicinity of every large town, you perceived suburbs surrounded by these creatures. Their residence was usually taken up on the main road under the cover of trees; men, women, and children promiscuously scattered, some furnished with a scanty covering, others almost reduced to a

state of nudity, while at the same moment the spectator witnessed, within the range of his own observation, the famished looks of a fellow-creature, aggravated by the pain of sickness; the desponding cries of the multitude, mingled with the thoughtless playfulness of children, and the unavailing struggles of the infant to draw sustenance from the exhausted breasts of its parent. To consummate this scene of human misery, a lifeless corpse was at intervals brought to notice by the bewailings of a near relative; its immediate neighbourhood displaying the impatience and wildness excited in the fortunate few who had obtained a pittance of grain; and was devouring it with desperate satisfaction. The hourly recurrence of miseries had familiarized the minds of these poor people, as well as of people in general, to every extremity which nature could inflict. In a short time, these emanations of individual feeling among themselves, which distinguished the first commencement of their sufferings, gradually abated, and the utmost indifference universally predominated.

"During the progress of these miseries, I have seen a few Marwarces sitting in a cluster, denying a little water to sustain her drooping spirits, to a woman stretched beside them, with a dead infant reposing on her breast. In a few hours this woman had also expired, and her dead body, as well as that of the child, remaining close by them, situated as before described without a single attempt to remove them, until the Government peons had performed that office. I have seen a child, not quite dead, torn away by a pack of dogs from its mother, who was unable to speak or move, but lay with anxious eyes directed to the object of its fond affection. I have witnessed those animals watching the famished creatures, who were verging on the point of dissolution, to feast on their bodies; and this spectacle was repeated every successive day in the environs of the town. The number of the Marwarces who died in a single day at Baroda could scarcely be counted, and the return of the burials in twenty-four hours often exceeded 500 bodies. It would be doing an act of injustice, however, to the natives of opulence in Guzerat, to pass over their exertions to alleviate the surrounding distress. The charity of the Hindoos is proverbial; it constitutes one of the primary tenets of their morality (religion), and is generally unaffectedly dispensed. On the occurrence of the distress and famine, large subscriptions were made, aided by a liberal sum from the native government, and the objects of the institution were obtained by proper regulations devised for the purpose. I cannot say what numbers were relieved, but the monthly expense of feeding the poor in this town, amounted to some thousands of rupees. It was a cruel sight to witness the

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struggles, when the doors were opened to apportion their victuals, and it was no unusual thing for a number to fall a sacrifice to their precipitate voracity. Many also whose wants had been supplied, continued to devour until the means intended for their relief proved in the end their destruction in a few hours. Children were often crushed to death under the feet of their parents. The establishment of which I have been speaking was imitated in most of the principal towns of Guzerat, and added a few months of life to a class of beings reserved for greater miseries; indeed, subsequent events would seem to shew that these people were marked for total annihilation. * * * The mortality at Ahmedabad is computed at 100,000 persons, a number nearly equal to one-half of its population. The demand for wood to burn the Hindoo portion of the sufferers, called for the destruction of the houses—even this was barely sufficient for the performance of the rites required by the Hindoo faith, and the half-consumed bodies on the banks of the Fabiermuttee evince, at this hour, to what straits the Hindoos were reduced in fulfilling the last duties to their kindred."

[We shall again return to this highly interesting work.]

KILKENNY PEASANTRY.

THE peasantry of the neighbourhood of the coal-pits in Kilkenny,* are among the most miserable of the human race; we have seen whole families in summer—and we fear that the same deficiency may be experienced there in winter too—without any covering except the fragment of a shirt or petticoat: the men expend much of their earnings on whiskey, and leave their wives and little ones no other comfort save what they derive from huddling together on the wet mud floor of a miserable cabin, built of stones put together without lime-mortar and pervious to wind, and inhaling the sulphureous coal-gases until their faces assume a very squalid and unhealthy hue. Pulmonary diseases are the result of the contaminated atmosphere, and strange to say, the most healthy portion of the neighbourhood is that employed in the cold wet mines, where the effluvia from ignited coals is not among their calamities.

By the way, every Kilkenny man has heard of Captain H., who went into the — regiment of the line from the Kilkenny regiment, and charged most gallantly—we believe at

* In 1309, a parliament assembled in the town of Kilkenny, in which severe laws were enacted against some of the English settlers as *should adopt the Irish costumes*; and anathemas against all who should infringe them were denounced in the cathedral by the Archbishop of Cashel, and other prelates who assisted on the occasion. The last parliament held here was in 1536: but this place continued for some time to be the occasional residence of the lords lieutenants, and the chief seat of their government.

Waterloo—with his company at a critical moment, when they were wavering under fearful odds. The magic words, "hurrah for Kilkenny," uttered by this gallant young man, as he waved his hat and cheered on his men, made all those "Boys of Kilkenny," who had volunteered with him into the same regiment, rush nobly to the contest in support of their officer. So much did the magic influence of this single sentence avail in recalling to their minds the remembrance of that home to which they would feel an honest shame in returning as recreants. Finer men, indeed, can hardly be imagined, as to animal organization, than the lower orders of the Kilkenny population, but truth obliges us to add that, comparatively with the peasantry of Carlow, and the Queen's County, and still more with those of the county of Wexford, they are exceedingly unamiable; their ferocity of conduct, and doggedness of countenance, with their peculiar dress, blue frieze coats and corduroy breeches (which are generally open at the knee,) with grey stockings, distinguish them at once from the Wexford peasantry, excepting that portion resident in the barony of Bantry, separated from the county of Kilkenny by the river Barrow, but not so readily, so far as countenance is concerned, from those of the other contiguous counties. The open violence and secret villany of many of those men is easily accounted for. The county of Tipperary bounds this county on the south, and there is a sufficiency of the leaven of diabolism there, to disturb not only the contiguous counties, but even those at the northern extremities of the island.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, No. 44.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

OF AN ABORIGINAL RACE OF NATIVES,
NEW SOUTH WALES.

WE learn by the *Tasmanian and Austral-Asiatic Review* of October 19, 1838, that "a most interesting discovery has just been made, by a gentleman belonging to Sydney, of a race of natives inhabiting the banks of Thorn's river, (a river lying between the Big River and Moreton Bay, navigable upwards of sixty miles inland,) incomparably superior to the Aborigines of other parts of the territory, both in intellect and personal appearance, and much further advanced in civilization. Our informant, who visited the place in search of good cedar-grounds, informs us that they inhabit villages of from twenty to fifty houses in extent, each house capable of containing from twelve to fifteen individuals. Three of these villages our informant encountered in his progress, the largest of which must have contained 400 inhabitants. The houses, which are very ingeniously constructed, are in the form of a horse-shoe, with a low porch in front of each; the walls are

constructed of slabs driven into the earth, and so ingeniously interwoven with wattles, as to be impervious to the rain; the roofs of the houses are covered with tea-tree bark, and so strongly is the whole fabric put together, that the weight of several individuals on the roof is insufficient to injure it." As we anticipate being shortly in possession of interesting particulars relative to the above discovery, we shall not fail to lay them before our readers.

VIEWS OF MOSCOW.

In approaching the city from the north-west, by the Petersburg-road, or from the east, by the Kolomna-road, Moscow appears to be placed on an immense plain, gently rising towards the Kremlin. I have remarked from the Kolomna-road, (says a modern traveller,) that in the twilight, or in gloomy weather, the ancient metropolis resembled a capacious harbour; the innumerable towers and spires of different heights, having the appearance of the masts of a great assemblage of ships. When approached from the north, through the Dmetrovskaya, or the Trotskaya barrier, Moscow also appears as on a plain, or rather a gentle declivity, stretching from the north to the south and east: on arriving near the capital from the south-east, the south, and the west, the city appears low, and occupying a portion of an immense level surface.

W. G. C.

The Gatherrr.

A New Member of Parliament.—Lord North, one day, in the House of Commons, was interrupted in the most important part of his speech by a dog who had taken shelter and concealed himself under the table of the house, and then making his escape, ran directly across the floor, barking with a violent howl. A burst of laughter ensued, which would have disconcerted any ordinary speaker. But North, who knew how to turn any occurrence, however ludicrous, to his own advantage, having waited with all gravity until the roar was subsided, then addressed the chair, saying, "Sir, I have been interrupted by a new member, but as he has concluded his argument, I will resume mine."

T. Majer, in his "History of Trials by Ordeal," 1795, asserts, that on weighing some witches and magicians in Hungary in 1728, a tall jolly dame weighed only a drachm and a half—her husband, not by any means a diminutive man, five drachms—the others, three or four drachms, or less!

H. M.

Turkish Literature.—Rosini wrote the history of the war between Turkey and Russia. The king of the latter having made war successfully against the former, he, according to the religion of the Turks, thought that he had better astrologers than

he. As all wars were commenced under the auspices of astrology, the Turkish king sent Rosini as his ambassador to the Russian court, with the request that Frederick would send him three of his best astrologers. The ambassador was led to a window overlooking a large square filled with soldiers, and pointing to them, he said, "that his three advisers in peace and in war, were experience, discipline, and economy. These, and these only, are my three chief astrologers: go and tell this secret to your master."

Footo's Mistake.—Footo dining out one day, took up by mistake the bread of the gentlemen who sat next to him, which happened to be larger than usual. The gentleman politely said, 'That is my bread;' on which Footo rejoined, 'I beg pardon, I mistook it for the loaf.'

The following is a literal translation of a Russian wedding-song:

From a high mountain, covered with dark forests, have arisen a troop of swans, (young women,) and a troop of grey geese, (young men); a young swan quitted her troop to pass into that of the geese; then the troop began to peck at and expel the stranger.

Upon this the swan exclaimed: "Do not maltreat me, grey geese, I am not come among you of my own accord, but am forced by the tempest." Thus the amiable Nini-luska, finding herself separated from her companions in a storm, was brought into the midst of a party of wedding folks: when they began to maltreat her and scold her, she cried: "Don't use me harshly, good people. I have not come among you of myself, but the horses of Austin have brought me."

H. M.

In doing good, we are generally cold, and languid, and sluggish; and of all things afraid of being too much in the right. But the works of malice and injustice are quite in another style. They are finished with a bold masterly hand; touched as they are with the spirit of those vehement passions that call forth all our energies.—Burke.

Goldsmith.—Goldsmith read so slovenly, and with such an Irish brogue, that it was sometimes difficult to distinguish his poetry from his prose. He was sensible of this himself, and used to say,—I leave the reading of my pieces, and the punctuation of them, to the players and printers; for, in truth, I know little of either.—Cooke's *Life of Foote*.

The common ingredients of health and long life are,

Great temperance, open air,

Easy labour, little care.—Sir Philip Sidney.

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